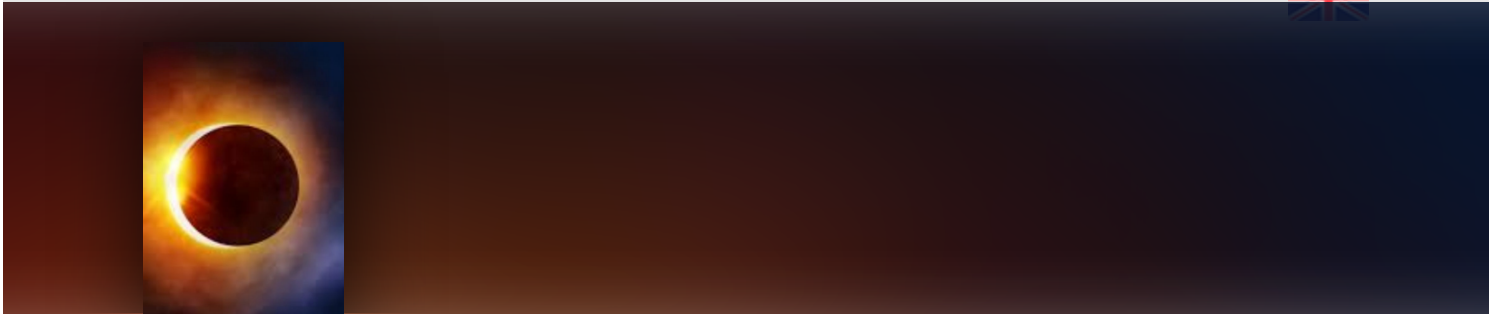




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# Lonely Words

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## Chapter 1 by ao\_sakura

Empty without a drop of blood, with a dark setting. Eerie yet severed in many ways, though the difference in emotions yet we fear. This riddle plays tricks but minds do too. Follow the rhyme for it will soothe you. Ghostly characters that reside in me with soft spoken lonely words that wonder if I may stray from the day and join the night. Into the darkness i may stay; one step "pitter patter", wolves howl at the dim circular god. Crows caw as if disrupted by actions. Keep running or else they will and shall find you.

## Chapter 2 by -



*They will find me. The ghostly beasts who travel the mortal world by the glow of the moon.*

They have been searching for me now three months. I have done nothing but run and hide. Run and hide. Run and hide. Night after night. Day after day. Over and over.

I am tired of this chase. This running from the dead. This struggle against an indefatigable enemy.

Somehow or other, this running must stop. And I must live.

See more of Story Wars

Chapter 3 by ao\_sakura

As I ran, I thought of a quiet life. I thought of a life where I could be alone for multiple more months. You see, I was an experiment which was altered somehow; therefore I became more advanced than

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the others.

Being able to think for myself allowed me to escape. Other than that, those from the dead can not begin to fathom the understanding of the labs technicalities.

Every trap and trick they tried never worked, for I had the power to be able to do things beyond comprehension. My understanding of the world is full and whole but, not quite complete to due to my side effects. Before I left I took a bunch of serums; which had to be injected; into my bloodstream to dull the reactions.

The reason for their hunt; I know why. For I am the only one of my kind and therefore the last.

If caught I will be replicated through my DNA which then leaves me as a discarded corpse. They still chase but now I hide.

Wilderness provides a remote location and there's also plenty of cover available. I must now hush and hold my breath. "Where did thy hard work turn towards" said a low toned voice " my heart's desired labor is close I smell thee". I really tried to hold in my voice but I really wanted to laugh.

I had recognized that voice for it belonged to one one of my friends who shared a tank with me. Unfortunately he was experimented on before me and then became a special case altered to use some sort of old language. Would love to explain but it's taking up the story.

#### Chapter 4 by Little Star



**\*Can you solve the madness, within you? Tricky rhymes have remarkable times.\***

As I hide in the brush, I hear the footsteps become closer. They stop. I know that I have to get out of there. I back up and and feel a rock against my back. The rock's coldness seeps through my tattered shirt. I can now see the top of my old friend's head.

Suddenly he turn toward me, his eyes glow a bright and hollow blue. He grins silently at me. As

he turns I try to run, but what I find behind the rock I was against was nothing. A cliff you could call it.

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I look around for another escape. The moon is full and bright above me. I wish my transformation would happen now. I think again, back to my madness, back to my choices. I lean toward the edge of the cliff, and turn my head, looking straight into my old friend's hollow eyes.

As I lean back into nothing, I expect him to gasp. Instead he smirks. Have I lost this cruel, vile game?

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